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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

If you want to know how many great men there are in this country, call "Major" in a Georgia hotel, or take up any newspaper in the cabinet-making season. Why, you may look at the *Oklahoma Clarion and Snipe of the Wilderness*, in these days, and you will find—granting that you have first found the *Oklahoma Clarion and Snipe of the Wilderness*—something like this:

A PROBABLE CABINET.

Secretary of State—Thomas F. Bayard.
" " War—S. S. Cox.
" " the Treasury—J. G. Carlisle.
" " Interior—Allen G. Thurman.
" " Navy—Saml. G. Randall.
Postmaster-General—Roswell D. Flower.
Attorney-General—Cesar Pendleton Hooper.

Cesar Pendleton Hooper you will find elsewhere referred to as "our esteemed fellow-townsmen," and you will find that he has just presented the corporation of the village with a new pump, and that he has been contributing a series of articles on Political Economy to the columns of the *Oklahoma Clarion and Snipe of the Wilderness*.

And, what is the oddest thing about the whole business, this very same "probable cabinet" will be copied by some New York paper that at any other season of any other year would scorn to reprint the ignoble name of the *Oklahoma Clarion and Snipe of the Wilderness*. And the list, after all, will not be much more absurd than the list which that same New York paper will soon present as its own "probable cabinet," with a mysterious leaded editorial darkly intimating that there is reason to believe that the President-elect has drawn up just that

list of names in the privacy of his own study, and that the fact has leaked out through confidential sources. And when the time comes, that "probable cabinet" will look about as improbable as frost on a July thermometer.

The fact is, if we ever had a President who was capable of making up his own cabinet without journalistic assistance, we have got him now. If any editor thinks that Governor Cleveland is studying the newspapers to find out what his own opinions are, that editor is a man with a large, cold, rectangular mistake on his hands. And the Cesar Pendleton Hoopers all over the country may bid their throbbing hearts be still, and cease to "write" their respective local journals. No gifts of town-pumps, no brilliant politico-economic contributions to the press, no spontaneous tributes from their fellow-townsmen will avail them aught. If they are destined to shine in Grover Cleveland's cabinet, they will know it when he lets them know it, and not before. Whatever that cabinet is, it will be made up in Mr. Cleveland's own mind, to suit his own views of what is right and proper. And it is a pleasing thing to know, as we do know, that Governor Cleveland has hitherto shown himself quite able to judge of the right and propriety of his course in public matters without advertising for assistance.

At last we have come to an end of Edson, and the manner of his exit serves one good end. He points a moral, if he does not adorn a tale. He is the last of a bad class, we hope—the last that we shall have to deal with. And in his going out he has done what in him lay to make his class as thoroughly unpopular as it should be. Had Mr. Edson seen the signs in the heavens and tried to make his conduct conform to the standard of the coming dispensation, he might have gone out of office with a certain factitious dignity that in no way belongs to him. He might have won the sympathy of the unthinking, and gone into private life with a civic wreath which better men might have envied. But the exhibition he has made of himself—of his true self—within the last few days has put that danger out of the question. If we did not know Mr. Edson before, we know him now, and to know him, as a public officer, is to regret his acquaintance. Thus he unwittingly serves a good end, and in taking a stigma upon himself, he marks his breed conspicuously

in the eyes of men. We shall not soon seek another like him to guide the destinies of the city.

The airy facility with which the untrammelled American marries and unmarries has been commented on by the cynical of foreign nations, and it is a beautiful evidence of the native independence of mind and serene callousness to the stings of envious strangers that no amount of railing and jeering has moved the citizen of the United States to change his ways in this matter. He still marries with the impromptu ease and airiness of the irresponsible sparrow, and he divorces himself when his marriage does not turn out an ideal union of souls, with a nonchalant promptitude that must make the sparrow envious. In Chicago, for instance, the well-developed taste for divorce exhibited by the native has long been the theme of merry jest. In fact, the merry jest has lived to such an age that many people have forgotten that it ever had a foundation in fact; and the recent investigations, which proved that, beside the jest, the fact seemed wildly extravagant, have been received with surprise bordering on incredulity by the inhabitants of other and more permanently matrimonial regions.

It is painfully evident that Chicago is overdoing it in the divorce business. It may be well enough that men should be April when they woo, December when they wed; but there is no reason on earth why they should be January when they get a divorce, February when they get married for the second time, and March when they once more go after private detectives to help them out of the consequences of their unnecessary promptitude and multiplicity in the way of matrimonial alliances. This is carrying the principle of personal liberty a trifle too far. It introduces altogether too many complications into a social system not over simple even now. We do not wish to curtail one single glorious prerogative of the many which the American citizen now enjoys; but, if we wish to spare a few sample family trees to the next generation, it will be necessary to raise the tariff on divorces, at least in Chicago. Or else we shall have to sit calmly by and watch the logical development of the divorce industry in the establishment of the railroad-station divorce court, with its motto: "Ten Minutes for Refreshments and Divorce."

B. M. McC. B. B. O'BRIEN.

HIS ACTING AND ITS EFFECT ON AMERICAN SOCIETY.



I am Buchanan Macready McCullough Booth Barrett O'Brien;
I am a tragedian great, and a favorite big with the people;
Whene'er I come out as the Dane, *Iago*, *Macbeth* or *Othello*,
The people stand up in the pit, and applaud me clean up to the echo.

Then do the pretty girls, the girls with the four-story bonnets,
Gun me with pearl lorgnettes, and the feverish crack of the peanut

Dies out on the air, and I, in a wild perspiration,
Jump all around on the stage, in a manner defiant and gory.

Then, after the play, I go to the swell and æsthetic reception;
I lounge around in great chairs, and am the observed of observers;
The belles and the dudes crowd around and look upon me as a monarch,

As well as the sort of a person who's fit to be worshiped and petted.

They think I'm decidedly clever; in short, that each thing that's worth knowing

I have at my fingers' ends. But in truth I am very deficient;
Of knowledge I have very little; I even know nothing of acting,
Except what I'm taught by my wife, who's at home making dresses and bonnets.

GILHOOLY'S BONANZA.



Mortimer Gilhooly was a genuine tramp of the trampiest variety. He had been a typesetter, and as a relaxation from his labors he invariably became intoxicated on Saturday night and stayed so over Sunday. This was but natural and proper, and if Gilhooly had remained in this path of comparative virtue, he would never have become a tramp. But he began by adding Monday to Sunday as a day of joviality, and soon he added Tuesday. Wednesday followed not long afterward, and then everything went by the board, and he never knew what it was to draw a sober breath. He lost his position, sank lower and lower, and that is how we come to find him a tramp sitting on one of the Edson benches in the City Hall Park. He was feeling very seedy and very queer about the stomach, and there was no present prospect of an improvement in his condition. He had slept the preceding night in the lodging-room of the Oak Street police-station, and had found his quarters rather cramped, as the night had been cold and the number of lodgers correspondingly large. Some one had stolen his hat during the night; but he didn't mind that, as he had a remarkably fine head of hair. It wasn't combed very nicely, but as it was the only fine thing about him, we wish to give him credit for it.

Gilhooly had eaten no breakfast; but he wasn't concerned about that—what he felt anxious about was his morning cocktail. He desired five cents to get it; but he might as well have desired a thousand dollars, as his chances would have been equally good of getting that. This teaches us to aim high when we desire something we can't have, as it costs no more to do so.

Gilhooly shuffled his feet in despair, and as he did so felt a small round roll of something under his foot. He thought it was a half-burned cigar, so he kept his foot on it until he should feel able to bend over and pick it up. He was induced to do this more quickly as he saw a brother tramp approaching. He leaned over hastily, removed his foot, and saw the roll was not a cigar, but—a roll of greenbacks. Gentle reader, imagine that you have just been elected President of the United States at \$50,000 a year and perquisites; imagine yourself a cashier of a bank with \$4,000,000 surplus; imagine that Vanderbilt has just called around and given you \$2,000,000; imagine you have been appointed Commissioner of Public Works—imagine these things or anything else you please, and you will have a faint idea of Gilhooly's feelings.

It worked an instant transformation. He thrust the money hastily into his pocket and drew himself up proudly. From being a beggar, he had become a capitalist. He forgot

his ragged, filthy clothing; forgot the want of breakfast; forgot everything in the confusing rush of emotion that swept over him. He paid no attention to the extended hand of his brother tramp, but keeping his own hand in his pocket with a firm grasp on the roll, he hurried down Frankfort Street and entered a dark hallway. Making sure that no one was around, he drew out his treasure and unrolled it. It contained five new and crisp twenty-dollar bills. He counted them over and over, rubbed them between his fingers to convince himself of their genuineness, and pinched himself to feel sure that he was not dreaming. When he had cooled down a little he once more felt the pangs of thirst, and he hurried around to his favorite "dead-house."

"Give me a pint of your best gin!" he shouted, slapping down a twenty-dollar bill.

The bar-tender looked at Gilhooly and then at the bill. He was plainly suspicious, as he knew Gilhooly never had so much money before, and the bill was curiously new. He at once came to the conclusion that it was a counterfeit.

"What d'yer mean by shovin' in de queer here?" he shouted, reaching for his club.

A light flashed over Gilhooly—perhaps the money was counterfeit! So without waiting he dashed for the door, and was struck in the back as he slid out. He looked over the four remaining bills, and they certainly seemed to be genuine. There was a savings-bank near by, and he went in and asked the cashier if the bills were good. The cashier looked him over very curiously, and then replied that the money was all right. Gilhooly didn't dare go back after his lost twenty dollars, and he had no heart to try another saloon, so he entered a Chatham Street restaurant and tried to take a seat. The proprietor shouted, "We don't want no tramps here!" and within one minute Gilhooly was landed in a heap on the sidewalk.

He now saw that his wealth would be of no use to him, unless he could improve his appearance. He dropped into an old-clothes store, and negotiated for a suit of clothes for ten dollars. They were rolled up, and Gilhooly handed out a twenty-dollar bill. The store-keeper put it in his cash-drawer and shut it with a bang.

"Where's my change?" asked Gilhooly.

"Vat shange?"

"Me ten dollars change!"

"Holy Moshes—hear vat he saysh—vy, he only gif me ten tollar."

Gilhooly grabbed him by the throat, and the store-keeper raised such an outcry that a policeman and several others ran in. The policeman at once struck Gilhooly with his club and clutched him by the throat. The store-keeper explained that Gilhooly had assaulted and attempted to rob him. Gilhooly was marched off to prison. On the following day this item appeared in the *Sun*:

ASSAULTED BY A TRAMP.

Mortimer Gilhooly, a ragged and dirty tramp, was arraigned before Police-Justice Duffy in the Tombs Police-Court yesterday. Policeman Kinavan said he had arrested him in the act of robbing Moses Cohen, a dealer in old clothes on Chatham Street. Three new twenty-dollar bills were found in Gilhooly's pockets, and they are believed to be the proceeds of similar robberies. The police are confident that they have found in Gilhooly a bold robber for whom they have long been searching. Gilhooly said he had found the money in the City Hall Park. "Too thin," said the little Judge, "\$5,000 bail to answer."

Gilhooly is in the Tombs awaiting trial.

W. R. BENJAMIN.

THERE is a glacier in Alaska moving along at the rate of a quarter of a mile a year. In this country we have no glaciers; but we have messenger-boys.

Puckerings.



When the stars are brightly shining
On the silver-fingered daisies,
And the robin 's stopped his singing
Out there in the breezy maple,
Then I rise up from my slumbers,
And from out a shining bottle
Pour the chills-and-fever mixture
In a tea-spoon by the window.
Pour I out the Tuscaloosa
Sassafras and dogwood tonic,
Made by ancient Ground Hog Uncas,
Sachem of the Digger Indians.
Then the same I pour down Reuben—
Cunning little blue-eyed Reuben—
Who will swimming go in April,
Or in sullen gray November,
When the sycamores are leafless.
After I have loaded Reuben,
Then I fill up Cincinnatus,
After little brown-eyed Ethel
And my darling Angelina.
They set up an awful kicking
And a squalling and a howling
O'er that Tuscaloosa Tonic,
Made by ancient Ground Hog Uncas,
Sachem of the Digger Indians.
Soon it will be snowy Winter,
Then good-by to chills-and-fever,
And arising in the midnight,
With a tea-spoon and a bottle,
To pour into blue-eyed Reuben,
And gold-headed Cincinnatus,
And sweet baby-featured Ethel,
And my playful Angelina,
That old nasty Tuscaloosa,
Sassafras and Dogwood Tonic,
Made by ancient Ground Hog Uncas,
Sachem of the Digger Indians.

HAWTHORNE SAYS: "Thank Providence for Spring." The editor doesn't.

SINCE THE election Ben Butler is said to be unable to look a man straight in the eyes.

THE PERPETUAL motion problem has cost \$50,000,000, and a small boy at church still remains the nearest approach to a solution.

NOW THAT the New Orleans Fair with a capital F is about to open, we feel justified in assuring our readers that every piano and sewing-machine in the country will receive a gold medal indicative of the highest award.

"THOMAS A. HENDRICKS can eat a railroad restaurant pie in four minutes." That's all right. A railroad restaurant pie is something a sensible man doesn't care to linger over any longer than is absolutely necessary.

"FRANK QUINN, President Buchanan's coachman, has just died." Mr. Quinn must have been carried off prematurely. George Washington's coachman is dying every few weeks, and we ought not to reach the Buchanan period for several years yet.

A LETTER TO MRS. HAYES.

My dear Mrs. Hayes:

I notice that your letter of November 19th is post-marked December 3rd. This leads me to believe that you sent it to the post-office by Rutherford. He probably forgot all about it and carried it in his pocket for a couple of weeks, and at last came across it while casually feeling for a clove. Then he mailed it without mentioning the little lapse of memory to you. Married men do such things. I know they do, my dear Mrs. Hayes, for my wife says they do. Nay, more; she has gone into the pockets of her husband and confronted him with the indisputable evidence of his guilt.

I am happy to say I do not share your alarm in regard to the effect of the incoming Democratic administration on the chicken industry. I do not think there is the least ground whatever for your deep concern about this matter. I have taken some trouble to look over Governor Cleveland's utterances, during the late heated contest and since the smoke of battle has lifted from the field, and I can find nothing to indicate in the smallest degree that the hen and her male consort will not have, under the new state of affairs, the fullest protection in every right guaranteed her and him by the Constitution of the United States of America.

If you have been a reader of newspapers during the past three or four weeks, you have certainly observed that the rooster has again come into favor as the Democratic bird of freedom, and I have no hesitancy in predicting that he will be unanimously safe under Democratic rule, and that his consort, the patient, studious and sedentary hen, will continue to carry on business with all her pristine enthusiasm.

You say that you have already noticed a considerable falling off in egg receipts since the news of Democratic victory came flashing o'er the wires. While this may be true, so far as your observation reaches, my dear Mrs. Hayes, I cannot see that the circumstance augurs a general or long continued shutting down on the part of the hens. I do not smell calamity in the air. Some bald-headed alarmists may fold back their ears, and with corrugated brows list to the rembling of a mighty hen revulsion as it gathers itself in the near futurity and comes sweeping onward with appalling soonness; but I do not.

I do not see disaster, as you seem to see him, strutting about amid the poultry-yards of the nation. But, of course, we look at this thing from different party standpoints, and it may be that I have more trustfulness in regard to the hen than you have. It may be that I do not understand the erratic disposition of the hen as thoroughly as you do.

I must own that to me the ways of the hen often seem past finding out. Scores of times she has led me astray. I have gone for a newly-laid egg when I have heard her cackle with a joyous enthusiasm that I could not believe to be only a false alarm, to find that nothing at all had happened. And in the matter of age the hen—even the deceased hen—has time and again deceived me.

But you will find the hen thus under any form of government, my dear Mrs. Hayes, and it stands to reason that she does not fear a change of administration with that absorbing fear which you seem in a hurry to ascribe to her.

If, since the election, the hen has shown a disposition to take a little vacation, I am of the opinion that it is not from alarm at the approaching transfer of power from one of the great parties to the other, which has so long been out in the cold, but merely because she has decided to husband her resources preparatory to an active Spring opening.

You cannot expect a hen to go right on performing her arduous labors and wearing herself out, in even a good cause, without taking a vacation now and then. And besides, there is the matter of over-production, which is an important one to the hen. When eggs are down to eleven cents a dozen, it is entirely proper that hens should pause and think of the problem of demand and supply; and they generally do. They generally pause too long. But I cannot think that these pauses, on the part of the hen, will be any more frequent or longer continued under a Democratic administration than they have been during the past twenty-four years of Republican rule.

During your own eventful administration, my dear Mrs. Hayes, I well remember quite a sudden and exceedingly long pause of this sort, when I was compelled to pay forty-seven cents a dozen for the product of the hen; and yet I did not lay the blame at your door. Neither did I arraign the Republican party for the alarming stringency of the egg market. I think, if you will turn back to the files of the paper I was then editing, you will find that I defended your administration from every charge that you were permitting the dearest privileges of the hen to be trampled under foot; that the hen was no longer secure in her inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. You will observe that I spoke on this subject with no uncertain sound; and I did so through no hope of reward in the shape of a postmaster's commission, but because I believed you to be the honest friend of the hen.

I must acknowledge that the average hen seems a little bit timid just at this time. She is not operating with her usual vim and enthusiasm. There appears to be something of a lack of confidence and *éclat* on her part; and yet, after all, I think she is merely nerving her-

self for the active and arduous duties of the Spring—for the time, in fact, when every hen must be not alone an abundant producer or be looked upon with suspicion and distrust, but must, as well, hunt for a hole in the fence of the nearest neighbor's garden, and earn her living by the sweat of her brow.

Indeed, my dear Mrs. Hayes, I hope for the happiest results in the matter of the hen industry of the country after the fourth of March. I see nothing ahead but sunshine, and eggs, and Spring-chicken on toast.

But while the hen is a patient and generally dutiful creature, and we naturally expect much of her, she needs some care and considerable corn-meal dough to keep her in good running order. She will need just as much care and corn-meal dough under a Democratic administration as she needed and perchance received under your excellent administration; and if you want your hens to be fruitful and joyous and gay, you must not forget the care and corn-meal dough.

I would not advise you to force your hens this Winter, as the indications are that it will be an inclement season, and, in consequence, severely trying to a hen's physical system. Let your hens gain all the vigor they can for the Spring, and when the time comes for them to take up their work under the new administration, I think they will surprise you.

Let Rutherford give them their dough regularly, and if any one of them attempts to set before the accepted time, tear a strip off one of his old red flannel shirts, and let him tie it securely about her tail. This will serve to teach her that whilst it is a laudable ambition in a hen of settled purpose and mature mind to want to rear a family, it is not the time to do it when eggs are forty-seven cents a dozen.

I hope by this time your fears for the chicken industry under the new administration have flown, and that your mind is now more at rest. As I have before remarked, I feel confident that during the next four years the hen will go right on in her good work with every right carefully guarded; that she will, as in the past, lay when she feels like laying, set when she has a mind to, and strike when she believes there is danger of over-production; and that finally, when the summons comes, and the axe falls, and Death claims her as a shining mark, she will die in the fullest confidence that she will be passed off upon an unsuspecting public as a young and tender pullet.

Whenever you want the light of the contents of my intellect reservoir turned upon any problem that troubles you, my dear Mrs. Hayes, do not fail to take your pen in hand and prod me gently till my stream of golden thought begins to flow, like the contents of a long-necked bottle down the parched throat of a sad and thirsty pilgrim from a Prohibition district.

SCOTT WAY.

"How did you come to have corned beef and cabbage?" asked Snifkin, as he entered his domicile the other night, and got a whiff of the combination that lifted his hair.

"To kill the smell of that paint!" she replied.

"The next time you are going to have corned beef and cabbage, kindly let me know, will you?"

"Why?"

"Why, so that I may engage some painters to come and give the floor a coat to kill the ensuing smell."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.



THIS IS A PRETTY SURE SIGN THAT YOUR WIFE IS ABOUT TO MAKE YOU A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

WASHINGTON FOR PRESIDENT.

I went to sleep the other night—I frequently do that—and had a glorious dream. I had been to a spiritual séance that evening, and the memory of the wonders I had witnessed haunted me. I had seen mysterious hands thrust forth from a dark cabinet and grab for things promiscuously. I had heard banjos and tambourines played by invisible persons and then fired out of the window of the cabinet. I had beheld the spirit of the late lamented Mr. John Jones materialized and walking around the room. I wondered why they didn't materialize the spirit of George Washington, and let him give his views on the recent election; but they didn't do that.

And in my dream I saw a vast hall. It was broad and deep, and full of mysterious corners and dark nooks. Upon a platform stood a large cabinet, such as is used in spiritualistic performances. The gas in the hall was turned low, and illuminated the place with a faint blue ghastly glare.

The great room was crowded with solemn, thoughtful-looking people. Most of the men wore long back-hair and smooth faces. Most of the women wore short hair and spectacles. On the platform beside the cabinet was a table with a gavel lying upon it. Behind the table sat a solemn old man, who was apparently presiding over the meeting. On either side were solemn recording-secretaries and reporters, and other dignitaries of that kind. I turned to the man who sat next to me in the great gallery, and said:

"Sir, I am a stranger in this land. I perceive, however, that this assemblage has been called together for some important purpose. Can you explain to me its meaning?"

"Sir," he answered: "I perceive that you are a man of wisdom, therefore I will explain to you. This is the convention of the National Spiritual party to choose a candidate for the Presidency in 1888."

I thanked my informant and turned my attention to the proceedings. The secretary was about calling the roll by States. I was greatly surprised at the nature of the nominations. Alabama nominated John Quincy Adams; Arkansas nominated John Calhoun; New Jersey nominated Benjamin Franklin.

Again I turned to my neighbor and asked him for information.

"Sir," said I: "I perceive that the nominees are men who have long been dead. How is that?"

"They are not dead," said he: "but in the spirit-land, and whosoever accepts the nomination will respond, as you will see."

Presently the chairman of the New York delegation arose and addressed the assembly. In a most eloquent speech he advocated the nomination of George Washington.

"Washington," said he: "was the best President this country ever had. To-day more than ever we need his wise counsel and patriotic devotion to his country. Our native land has just passed through a season of unexampled prosperity under the administration of the firm and fearless Grover Cleveland. Once more machine politicians are endeavoring to foist upon us a candidate whose only claim is his devotion to party. Now is the time for spiritualists to show that they are of use in the land. We have been derided for wasting our powers on exhibitions of rope-tying and tambourine-playing. Let us silence forever the scoffers by giving them a candidate who will be acceptable to the people. I nominate, sir, the father of his country, the Hon. George Washington."

A tremendous uproar followed. Twenty men arose to second the nomination, and in a very few moments it had been carried and made unanimous. Then the chairman arose and said:

"If the spirit of George Washington is present, he will please rap thrice upon the table."

Three distinct raps were heard.

"If the spirit accepts the nomination, he will please signify it in the same manner."

Three more raps were heard.

"He accepts," said the chairman: "It now becomes necessary to materialize this spirit."

The chairman took off his coat and entered the cabinet. Two secretaries tied him to an iron ring at its rear. A number of persons went on the stage and inspected the knots to see if they were properly tied. Then a tambourine and a cornet were laid on the floor of the cabinet, and the doors were closed. In an instant tremendous thumpings were heard on the tambourine, while the cornet played Washington's Grand March. Presently the two instruments were thrown violently through the window of the cabinet. Then the curtains were withdrawn, and what seemed to be Washington in full uniform marched out of the cabinet and gravely saluted the convention. In a brief speech he accepted the nomination, and pledged himself to abide by the principles which had guided his last administration. Then the convention gave three hearty cheers and adjourned till the next day, when a Vice-President was to be nominated.

As I left the hall I said to the man who had been sitting beside me:

"These spiritualists are a great boon to the country. They will hereafter be the leading political party and will dominate the land, unless they should take it into their heads to nominate Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr."

"Oh, they know better than to do that."

"But," said I: "what becomes of the medium who entered the cabinet?"

"Why, don't you catch on?"

"No, I must confess I do not."

"Well, he stays in the cabinet until the campaign committee is organized."

"And then what?"

"He clips the knots in the usual style, comes out, and is made treasurer of the campaign fund. The people will put up liberally to elect Washington, and it will not cost much; and that's where the medium gathers in the sweet, persuasive boodle. Do you descend?"

"I gravitate to the conception."

And then I awoke.

THERE WAS an old man on the Nile,
His heart was quite free from all guile;
He sat in his chair
On the deck in the air,
And sent to Khartoum a sad smile.

"How DOES righteousness pay?" asks an Esteemed Contemporary. Very well, thanks.

MORE LIGHT.



"I suppose you have heard that Heber Newton has begun again with those shameful assaults of his on the Pentateuch?"

"Yes, and I suppose the poor dear Bishop will have to let him go on and daren't say a word or do anything to stop him. I tell you, my dear Mr. Loosely, there is no such thing as true religious liberty in this country while a Bishop's hands are tied up in such a perfectly absurd way!"

ANOTHER GAME ALTOGETHER.

"Well," remarked the justice: "what is this young man accused of?"

"I caught him playing poker, sir," replied the policeman.

"Yes," returned the Court: "but I have no objections to poker, you know. If that is all the charge against him I shall discharge him. What have you to say for yourself, young man?"

"I was sitting down with some friends of mine, Your Honor, playing a friendly game of cards."

"Yes."

"We had a jack-pot on the table. It was opened, and I came in on a pair of deuces. The man who opened it stood pat and bet ten dollars, and I called him."

"Called him on deuces? Twenty-five dollars fine. Call the next."

"Yes," gasped the prisoner: "but I thought you didn't object to poker."

"I don't; but to call a man on deuces isn't poker. Call the next case."

HOW TO MAKE "HOMOEOPATHIC" MEDICINE.

(A Realistic Recipe.)

A grain of medicine you take
And drop it in Superior Lake,
Mix it and stir it thoroughly,
Then of the mixture in the sea
Put just one drop and stir it well,
So neither taste nor touch nor smell
Of medicine within is found;
Then take of sugar just a pound,
And medicate it with one drop
Of the aforesaid mingled slop.
Each day three times take half a grain,
Till you are dead or free from pain.

F. S. RYMAN.

SOME SOCIAL QUESTIONS SETTLED.

A number of prominent society ladies of New York and Brooklyn have formed an association, and applied to the Legislature for a charter for the "Elite Clearing House Exchange" (limited).

We have been permitted to read the prospectus, which is not yet ready for public distribution, and we feel safe in predicting that the new Exchange will work a revolution in our modern society.

Owing to our misfortune in having no titled aristocracy, there has been the greatest confusion in social circles, and ladies have been compelled frequently to associate unknowingly with persons of a much lower caste. This has been quite possible, as the spread of education and the general prevalence of good manners make it difficult to distinguish one caste from another.

The new Exchange will see to it that no such mistakes are possible in the future. People of the highest caste will meet only people of the same caste; and although they may find it very stupid, and be inexpressibly bored, yet they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not lowering themselves.

As a relief to the upper caste people arrangements will be made so that they can patronize the "extra" castes, such as the Artistic Caste, the Chromo-Literary Caste, the Woman's Rights Caste, etc., etc. The lower caste people will, of course, not venture on any such *divertissement*, as their position in society is too insecure; but they will find less need for it in the greater sociability of their own circles.

The Exchange will also relieve its members of a great deal of mechanical society work, which can better be done by proxy than by the lady herself in person. The high respectability of the Exchange is beyond question, as Mrs. Rhineland Blossom is president, Mrs. George Smith Smythe secretary, and Miss Enid Gladys Tollemache-Tollemache treasurer. The elegant new marble building on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-first Street was erected especially for the Exchange, and it is now being furnished with great elegance, the upper rooms being designed as club-rooms for members of the highest caste. There will be a private carriage entrance to the club-rooms on Forty-first Street, so that there will be no danger of coming in contact with inferior persons of a lower caste. An elegant reception-room near this entrance will be known as the press-room, and a lady will be in attendance ready to furnish the most private information concerning the members.

The offices will be open for business shortly before the Christmas holidays. The list of subscribers already numbers over one thousand names, and includes the most select circles of New York and Brooklyn. The prospectus says:

"Polite society in this city and Brooklyn has increased to such an extent that it is no longer possible for any lady to know all the people who are worth knowing. Even if she knew all, she could not possibly keep up a calling acquaintance with them. But, as a rule, she knows only a limited number, and in her list there are probably many persons whose places could be more profitably filled by people of a higher or more useful caste."

The prospectus goes on to say that these difficulties will be entirely overcome by its system of operation.

An advisory council, composed of seven ladies of the most unexceptional wealth and family, must approve of every applicant before she can be admitted as a member of the Exchange. At the end of the first year this advisory council will be chosen by secret ballot of the ladies of the first caste, and the names of the elected ones will be kept secret and only known to the officers of the Exchange, who will count the votes. This secrecy is intended to prevent ill feeling toward members of the council who might otherwise be intimidated into wrongful decisions. For the same reason the names of the members of the present council are not disclosed. The advisory council will first decide whether the applicant has a social standing sufficient to entitle her to membership, and they will rigidly exclude all who do not come well recommended. Any lady who can prove the receipt of an annual income of \$10,000 or over will be exempt from such examination. The successful applicants will be divided into three castes, to be known as the *Première Caste*, the *Mezzanine Caste*, and the *Caste Ordinaire*.

Each of the castes shall be held entirely distinct and separate; but ladies may be changed from one to the other on well-authenticated information as to increase of income, elevation of family by intermarriage, etc. Each member will be furnished with a list containing the names of all ladies in her caste, and its production will be considered as a sufficient guarantee of caste, and therefore as equivalent to the most favorable introduction. Members will be permitted to inspect the lists of castes below them, but in no case can this rule be reversed. This rule is intended to enable ladies of the higher castes to avoid those beneath them.

Three sets of books will be kept, one for each caste, in which the members will cause to be entered their addresses, hours at home, proposed entertainments, and such other matters as they desire to have generally known in their own caste. Each member will have a private telephonic connection with the Exchange, so that it will be possible to alter these instructions temporarily at any time. The telephone

will also enable them to ask any questions of the clerks that they may desire. By doing so they will be saved the loss of time, and annoyance of calling and finding people engaged or not at home.

Ladies intending to call or attend a reception or entertainment will notify the Exchange, which will advise them whether it will be possible for them to be received. In this way too great a rush at any one house will be avoided. Where there are more applicants to any one entertainment than the house will accommodate, the Exchange will submit the list of applicants to the hostess, and she will select such as she desires, and all vacancies will be filled by lot. Ladies chosen or not chosen will be notified at once. A semi-weekly bulletin containing a short description of proposed entertainments will be mailed promptly to each member. Ladies can only be allowed to attend entertainments of their own caste, or the castes below them, if they may so desire. The only exception will be when a lady of a lower caste is admitted temporarily into a higher caste because of her vocal ability, or other skill at amusing people. This, however, will not entitle her to continued admissions to the higher caste.

Ladies desiring to leave cards on their acquaintances can avoid all trouble and reach a much larger number by sending their cards to the Exchange. They can address such as they please, and any cards remaining will be distributed in the proper caste. This will be done by servants, in liveries and carriages, proportioned in style to the grade of the caste.

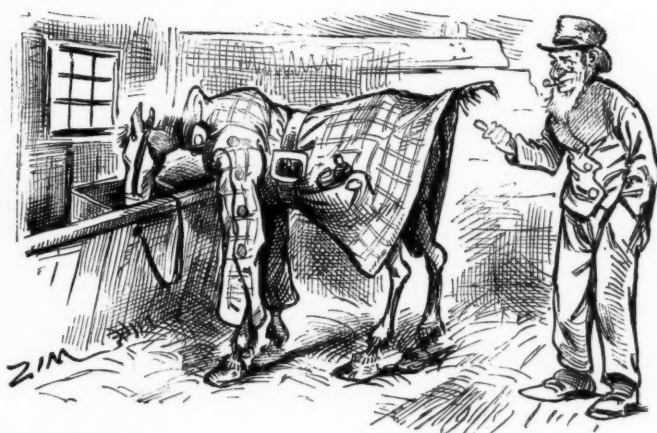
Arrangements have been made by which visiting members of the English aristocracy will be distributed over as wide a circle as possible. They will be entered in a special caste book of their own, and members will be notified if the visitors are disengaged for any evening.

Owing to the uncertainty of the ancestry of the majority of American fashionable people, it has been found impossible to establish family as the criterion of caste. As some decisive measure was needed, it was decided to adopt the New York and Chicago, rather than the Boston plan, modified, however, by whatever collateral conditions there may exist. The method is to make the income of the member the basis for her assignment to caste. The third caste incomes must range from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year; second caste from \$30,000 to \$100,000, and first caste all above \$100,000. A member may be lowered in caste by having low connections, but these and other matters can best be learned in the private manual published by the Exchange.

For copies, address:

W. R. BENJAMIN, Care of PUCK.

MR. HARDUP'S NEW SCHEME OF KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE;



OR, THE EQUINE AND THE ULSTER.

ECONOMY AND TASTE IN DECORATION.

*Suggested by the
House-Furnishing Cranks of the Daily and Weekly Press.*

Key-holes are now filled with yellow chrysanthemums. This not only obviates draughts, while serving as a decoration, but prevents the too lavish exercise of female curiosity.

A new fancy in chamber decoration is to fasten a crimson ribbon bow on bedsteads. An extreme phase of this idea is to drape the head-board with a row of worn-out fashionable socks. The delicate mingling of tints makes a fine effect.

A handsome easel may be made from an old chair-back. Or, if the attic contains an old disused easel, bring it out. Go carefully over its surface with a steel scraper, saving every shred of old paint which may come off. Place the paint-fragments in a kettle and boil with linseed oil over a slow fire. Thus a good pigment for the exterior of your barn may be had. Any splinters that may come off with the paint can be utilized as lamp-lighters, being dry and well saturated with oil. The easel should then be draped with a played-out velvet walking-dress, and set in a corner of the parlor. A prize-chromo of Splashburn's Pure Baking Powder may be placed upon the rests with pleasing results of contrast.

In rooms where chandeliers or hanging lamps are not used, a pretty air-castle may be formed by hanging a bunch of chicken's feet by a narrow ribbon from the centre of the ceiling. In Summer-time, by smearing the claws with molasses, or some other sticky substance, the ornament can be transformed into a fly-trap, thus doing away with the usual expense of fly-paper and insect-powder.

In country homes, white plug-hats which were recently worn by members of the Republican party are now used as cuspidors. The outside is neatly covered with figures of Blaine in various attitudes and states of tattoo, cut from cartoons of Puck issues during the late campaign. The edge of the brim should be trimmed with fluted pink ribbon. Partially fill the crown with saw-dust, and set in a conspicuous place.

The ambitious young house-keeper may construct a cheap and tasty receptacle for burnt matches by taking one of her first biscuits and hollowing it out until but a thin hard yellow shell remains. Crochet a cover for this out of pale-blue zephyr. If wished, a motto may be worked on perforated board and attached to this handsome bit of furniture, which is designed to hang in a corner. "Never again" or "second-hand goods" would be both playful and appropriate.

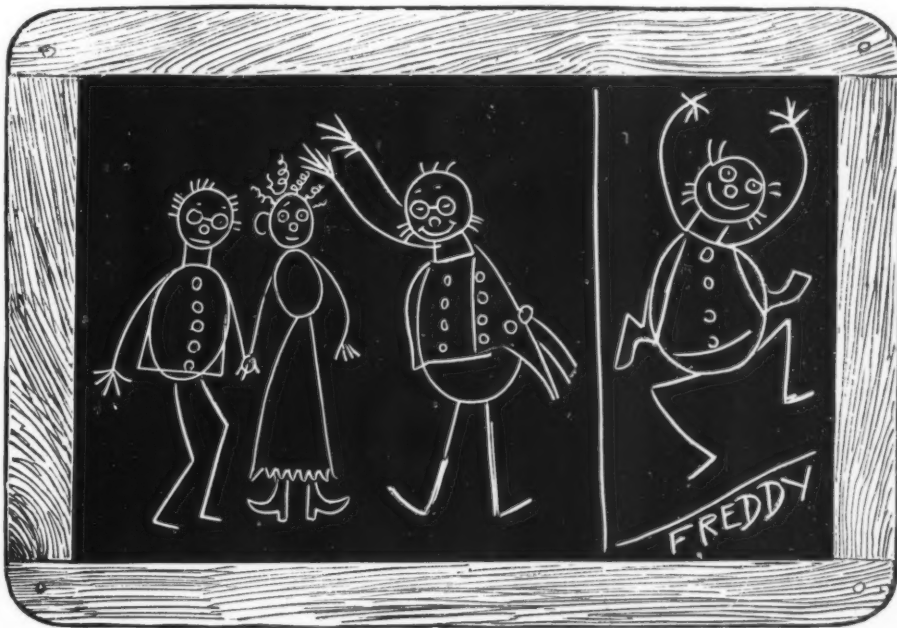
Pin-cushions for artistic bed-rooms are now made in the shape of a meal-bag tied at the end with a blue satin ribbon. Another quaint form of the same idea is to fill an old navy-blue sock with bran, tying the end with the same blue ribbon. The surface, especially at the heel and toe, may be worked with various patches of different-colored yarns, thus giving the whole an appearance of naturalness and thrift.

A neat conceit to hang in a south window is made from an old gum overshoe. Cover the top and sides with decalcomanie of dragons, satyrs, tumblebugs, and other delirious objects. Then pierce a number of holes about the upper edge, into which ends of a small brass chain may be hooked. Fill with earth and set out with cypress-vine or English ivy. Hung from a hook above the window-cornice, the effect is charming.

Householders who possess plain white ceilings have improvised a quaint kind of centre-piece. It is simply the top of an old umbrella. The exterior is first coated with a wash of pink kalsomine. Around the outer edge a circle of forget-me-nots and pure white stephanotis is

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkdesembercixtean

dear puck

thare is goy in ouer House i dont kno wether
you spel That werd goy or joy butt you No wot
i mene an i am knott sow patticler a bout my
spelen as i was

attenneyraight thare is fun a live In these
daze an ouer hous is chearfle
i hav bin rasin cane orl The weke an i hav-
vent bin wormed ice

my sister genny has hookt her Balldeded bo
he wos mitey hard two land but she Has fecht
him

it took 3 yeres to doo it butt She has dunnit
she gott him too popp las Wensday i wossent
a round Or we woud hav had sum fun me an
jim jonson

thay caime too the oled man an ast him four
his Blessin

he gaive it but you orter hav herd him
youder thort he diddent wornt two

then painted in water-colors. An inner circle of Cupids, dancing hand in hand over banks of scirrhous clouds, may be painted in the same manner. This being done, the handle should be extracted, the cloth cut along one of the ribs, and the whole placed about the pipe which holds the chandelier, and securely fastened to the ceiling with pins. If desired, bows of maroon ribbon may be fastened to the painted ends of the ribs.

The old design of a match-lighter, in the shape of a cat, having a bit of sand-paper on the reverse, and bearing the legend: "Scratch My Back," is now obsolete. The latest is a bit of shark-skin hung to a card-board cross, with the slangy, but very apt inscription: "Light Onto This."

EDWARD WICK.

THE REASON that face-powder manufacturers always secure complimentary letters from actresses to use for advertisements is because that is the highest possible eulogy that could be pronounced upon the compound—because all actresses use it; and the older they get, the younger they look.

It is drinking mineral-water with just enough—in it to destroy the unpleasant flavor that is spoiling the prospects of most young men.

but you betcher life he did he ced this is
hard you ar taken a waigh the flour off my flock
itt is hard four An oled man to part from his
dorter she is a tendur yung thing my dere sur
taik goud Cair off her

thats wot he ced
i spose he thort she would spoile befour lawng
she is oled enouf

then he put his pockit hankerchief two his
ise An went up stares orfle sad an solim

but wen i wentup stares an lookt in the ke-
hole Off his roun he wos dansen a jig like mad
An snappen his fingers

i gess the oled man nose wen he is wel orf
i cend you a car Toon shoven How he didd it
look owt four wedden bels

look out four me an jim jonson two a bout
the saim time

youers for rasen cane

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight wosht orf

Answers for the Anxious.

R. R.—Thanks. Call again.

JAY OWE ESS.—You may do as some sort of fancy
race-horse; but as a poet, Tupper can distance you every
heat.

H. C. F.—Your muse is a bit too liberal, dear boy.
Eighty-eight lines make a pretty solid "pastoral." You
could build a snake-fence with half that amount of poetry.

Mrs. S., Bloomington, Ill.—We will not answer any
questions about anybody's private affairs. They are none
of our business; and, if we may respectfully suggest a
shining fact, we will add that they are none of yours.

DINAH M.—You are an explosive little darling; but
your lines will have to be gone over with a curry-comb
before they can be admitted to these columns. We don't
say this to discourage your young muse; but simply in
the interests of truth and justice, and to give the curry-
comb market a boost.

J. C. S.—Don't throw your young life away. Gamble,
if you want to; drain the flowing bowl, embark in a
career of burglary and red-handed murder; but don't
sully your record forever by going in for that style of
composition which begins "Hazel Kirke, having been
Called Back by Three Wives—" and maunders on
through unlimited yards of like idiocy. For that there is
no forgiveness in this world, and only the lurid oblivion
of seething sulphur in the next.

CROWDING THE CABINET-
CHORUS OF JOURNALISTIC CANDIDATE-PEDDLERS. — "Here y'are now!—



CABINET-MAKING BUSINESS.

"...y're now!—I've got the only genuine article!—Don't mind that other fellow!"

THE BITER BIT.

A short man with a round face the color of a campaign-badge, and a nose which glistened and shone as if it had been varnished, staggered into a Broadway bar-room, one day last week, and slouched over to the lunch-counter, where the well-dressed customers readily made all the space for him that he desired. After satisfying an appetite that was comprehensive enough to cover an entire fashionable boarding-house, he sauntered over to the bar.

"Gimme a little brandy (hic) and a touch of ginger-ale," he remarked to the bar-keeper.

"Forty cents, please," responded that individual.

"Forty cents," replied the visitor: "is (hic) a sum of money. I asked for a drink. If I (hic) called for money, I would (hic) go to a bank."

"You had better go to a bank, then, for your drink," responded the bar-keeper curtly, as he turned to wait on another customer.

After waiting a few minutes in thirsty silence, the short man again renewed his request.

"I tell you," replied the drink-mixer, annoyed at his persistence: "you can't have a drink here unless you pay for it in advance."

"Oh, that's it (hic), is it? You won't trust me (hic) for a drink. Well, will you take (hic) this as collateral?" and he laid an old-fashioned watch on the counter whose color was the shade of old brass.

"No, sir, I won't take that. This ain't no junk-shop, and if you don't get out of here you won't want a drink for the next six months!"

"Hold on," replied the short man: "don't (hic) get excited. That watch is a family (hic) keepsake. It was given to my (hic) grandfather by the Emperor Napoleon. It's pure silver."

"Pure brass, you mean. Come, get out!"

"Let go my coat (hic). I'll leave it to any gentleman (hic) present if it ain't silver."

"What's the matter?" interrupted a quiet man who had been a silent observer of the controversy.

"Why, this bum," responded the bar-keeper: "says this brass turnip is silver, and wants me to stand him a drink on it."

"Let me look at it."

The watch was handed over, and the quiet man, after a brief inspection, returned it with a smile of contempt.

"I'll tell you (hic) what I'll do," interposed the tramp: "I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's silver."

"Take your bet. Put up your money," returned the quiet man, quickly.

The bar-keeper by this time had let go his hold on the short man's sleeve, and the rest of the customers had gathered closely around the pair. The tramp dove into his ragged pocket and pulled out two fifty-dollar notes, which were promptly placed in the bar-keeper's hands. The silent man also laid a hundred-dollar bill on the counter, and a man was sent out for a jeweler. In a few minutes he returned with the workman, and the watch was handed to him for inspection. He looked at the case, then filed through the surface, and applied a drop of acid to the exposed metal. In a half-a-minute he returned it to the bar-keeper and remarked that it was solid silver, heavily plated with brass.

Five minutes later a short man with a red nose slouched into a cross-street gin-mill and sat down beside a tall, red-haired, ministerial-appearing man.

"Well, Jimmy," inquired the second man: "what luck?"

"I worked the watch-racket for a hundred." "Where's the boodle?" laconically inquired the other.

"Here," and he pulled out the bill he had won.

"Well," remarked the red-haired man, with

deep disgust: "you're a nice man to belong to the profession, you are."

"Why?" gasped the short man: "What's the matter with me?"

"There's nothing the matter with you except you're an idiot."

"Why?"

"The bill is a counterfeit."

It was.

TO AN OLD DRESS-COAT.

I look at thee dolefully, dear old dress-coat,
For numbered, I fear, are thy days—
Or rather thy nights—and no more canst thou float
On waves of the waltzers' wild maze.

The presser's best skill cannot make thee appear
A newly-bought garment again.
So here 's for our follies a smile, and a tear
For hours too bright far to remain.

Dost think of the night when I first put thee on—
How proudly we went to the dance—

Of her whom perfidious another hath won?

We then saw but truth in her glance.

Ah, well! Many friends have we made since that night;

I hope that they all will prove true,

And curing my doubting will lessen her blight

When thou and my life were both new.

Years five have we frolicked together, old friend.

At afternoon teas we've been bored,

At evening balls done our best to pretend

Each girl, who was pretty, adored.

But fun in full plenty we often have found,

Met maids who have almost taught love,

And thus shall I strive while the world wags around

Cruel care from my heart to remove.

Rememberest when first we replied to a toast—

Our speech, I suspect, was quite tame—

The night that our "full" beat the "flush" of our host,

And won the best jack of the game?

Willst ever forget that a Patti oft raised

Us out of our orchestra chair,

And how we fell back at a note that amazed

And shocked? Nicolini was there!

But, dear old dress-coat, after all these good times,

Farewell I must bid thee at last;

An end I must make to these rude rambling rhymes

Recalling the fun of the past.

One day—oh, not "some day"!—when comrades tell me,

I hope with some sorrow, good-by,

Oh, then may they say, as I now say to thee,

We part from thee, friend, with a sigh!

E. D. H.

NEWSPAPER FACTS.

A HALF-COLUMN of scandal will sell more paper than a three-column sermon.

IT IS the journal that was not started to fill a long-felt want that usually fills it the quickest.

THE PAPER that becomes a "phenomenal success" before it is a month old is the shortest-lived.

THE PAPER that is most frequently alluded to as "our esteemed contemporary" is the most hated by its rivals.

THE EDITOR who bemoans the decadence of American humor makes a most dismal failure when he attempts anything in the humorous line himself.

WHEN A JOURNAL reduces its size and price "without decreasing its quantity and quality," the chances are that its reduced price is about three times more than it is worth.

THE PAPER that devotes the most space to denouncing "sensational journalism" generally puts the biggest and most startling head-lines over the details of a horrible murder.

A DAILY PAPER that hasn't "a larger circulation than any other paper in the city" is owned and edited by a man whose respect for veracity should have induced him to enter some other profession.

A MAN WILL work fourteen hours a day for six dollars a week in running a country paper of his own without grumbling; but if he was paid a dollar and a half a day for eight hours work at any other employment, he would strike for more wages.

SINCE JUDGE BARRETT has laid down new rules to govern prize-fights, the motto of the business should be: "Punch, brothers, punch with care!"

MULBRADYGAN STRIKES A SILURIAN GAG.



WIFE.—"Now I want to know phwat is it you're doin' here, Mulbradygan?"
MULBRADYGAN.—"Bedad an' didn't you jist tould me that I could go not a shtip o' the way with ye, unless I put on a stove-pipe!"

BACK-STOOP PHILOSOPHY.

—I believe the worst of everybody, even myself, and I am rarely mistaken.

—Poverty is the worst of all evils. I wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars to be a poor man.

—The spy has the exquisite pleasure of behaving like a thief, and yet remaining an honest man.

—Even if the skunk were the size of an elephant, he would never prove a paying side-show attraction.

—There are people who go to balls: which is quite comprehensible. But there are people who give balls. Which ain't.

—The man who carves at table is either an ass or a hog. If he takes the best piece for himself, he is a hog; if he doesn't, he's an ass.

J. NESTROY.

PARADOXICAL AS it may seem, a drunkard out West recently went down to a watery grave.

HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

V.

Another thing persons new at house-keeping should remember is not to take the wire mosquito-frames out of the windows too soon. It is not time to take out the mosquito-frames until it is time to abandon ice. A few cool Autumn days causes the mosquito to disappear from sight, and you fancy you have heard his last buzz. Then you take the frames out, and pack them away in the garret for the Winter. As soon as they are out of sight, a nice rosy Indian Summer day comes drifting along and thaws out the mosquito, who comes right down at the dead of night, and establishes an agency on the end of your nose. The more you strike at him, the more musical he becomes. And when he gets tired of playing on his flute, he tips himself up on his hands and stands on his stinger.

But the mosquito's buzz is worse than his bite. It seems to be the most dreaded buzz on earth, and I don't know why. The buzz of the mosquito and that of a kettle are almost identical. Yet the buzz of the mosquito is called diabolical, while that of the kettle is known as the cheery music of home.

The buzz of the mosquito can do you no harm; but just look down the spout of the kettle once to see if it is loaded. Don't look more than two minutes; get out of the way and give some one else a chance.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the steaming kettle can almost take your eye out, you never fear it or dread it as you do the buzz of the mosquito.

If you are sitting under a tree, and a bee comes buzzing around, you pay no attention to it. You know the bee could lift you right off the ground by his stinger if he wanted to; but still you fear him not. If at the same time a mosquito should set up a buzz, you would begin to look about you, and get ready to smash him.

If a book-agent begins to buzz you when you have important business on hand, you take it all in good part. If a mosquito buzzed at you half as much you would make great efforts to crush him.

Then why don't you crush the book-agent? Why, simply because his buzz does not affect you as the mosquito's does. The mosquito inspires more genuine unalloyed terror in the mind of the man who hears him than does anything else that buzzes, including the buzz-saw.

When you hear a saw buzz you don't undertake to fan it aside as you would a mosquito, lest, peradventure, you get your fingers tangled up in the saw, and spoil the beauty of your hand.

A man may superintend a buzz-saw until he hasn't got a finger left, and become so accustomed to the din that you think nothing could disturb his serenity; yet, if he goes home and hears a mosquito, he will begin grabbing at the air as though trying to keep off a nest of hornets.

When purchasing groceries, don't make it a point to go to those places that offer special premiums. Some places are in the habit of giving a chromo to every purchaser of a pound of coffee. Some of these works of art are rare gems. There is the kitten lifting the gold-fish out of the globe, and the kitten sitting up in a shoe, and the corpulent bald-headed baby sitting on the floor sucking the muzzle of a six-shooter. Don't purchase the coffee that is not good enough to sell on its own merits, for the chromo settles it.

R. K. M.

An exchange remarks: "The festive oyster now gets into a stew." Not, however, unless he is extremely careless.—*Boston Post*.

IT WAS HORRIDLY AWKWARD.



Yes, they were staying at a "Winter Resort," and it was rather disagreeable to have everybody so painfully aware of the fact that it was their wedding-tour. So he made a desperate, sneaking sort of appeal to their confidential waiter. "Look here," he said: "this is very disagreeable, all these—ah—people taking us for a bridal couple, don't you know, Peter. Ah—couldn't you—ah—if anybody asks about us—just—well—clear their minds of that idea. 'Tisn't so. Do you catch the notion, Peter? Here—ah—just take that, will you?" And Peter took it, and smiled confidentially and discreetly, and said he understood, and that he'd see to it, yessir. And the next day at dinner the people in the hotel behaved in the *strangest* manner—it was positively insulting, you know, and she said she had never been looked at in such a way in all her life before. And so, when they were leaving the table, he said to Peter, privately: "Peter, did you attend to that little matter I spoke to you about yesterday?" "Oh, yessir," said Peter, smiling confidentially: "oh, dear, yessir. I done it, sir—I see to it. I told 'em you wasn't no bridal couple, sir—hadn't never been married, sir. Oh, yessir, it's all right, sir!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

COLONEL ANDREWS has secured a section of one of the California "big trees" in the Calaveras Grove, thirty-two feet in diameter, which will be taken to the New Orleans Exposition, converted into a dancing-floor, and all the Governors in the United States invited to the ball. The spectacle of thirty-six Governors "swinging partners" and crossing over in gubernatorial harmony and grace, with the Governors of the two Carolinas delivering their time-honored orations at frequent intervals as they go out and come in, will make the exposition a howling success, without any of the side-shows. By all means, ask the Governors.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.—De perfeckshun o' dis worl' is eber in danger. De ripe apple is de soones' ter rot... De honey-bee is de miser o' insecs, yet his stinginess results in good ter de human family. De stingy man is de miser o' folks, but his stinginess doan' do nobody no good... Dat suthin' in a human bein' whut comes nearest ter dat suthin' in er animal whut we calls instinct is know'd ter us ez jedgement; but de jedgement o' de smartes' man ain' nigh so true ez de instinct o' the weakest hoss.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

AN Eastern journalist who secured a position on a Western daily only remained one day. In writing the obituary of a prominent citizen he neglected to refer to the "Grim Monarch, Death." He simply wrote it plain "death," with a lower-case "d," without putting on any frills or ruffles, and he was unceremoniously bounced.—*Norristown Herald*.

"WORTH her weight in gold" no longer means anything. "Worth her weight in cocaine" is a compliment, the article being quoted at \$224 an ounce—fourteen times the value of gold.—*Boston Transcript*.

MAUD.—"Oh, I think Mr. Textual is a splendid minister!"

MARY.—"Why, I thought it was generally admitted that his sermons are very dull and dry?"

MAUD.—"Oh, I never listen to what he says. I don't care anything about that, you know. But he handles his handkerchief so gracefully that I could sit and feast my eyes on him for hours."—*Boston Transcript*.

A YOUNG society lady of Philadelphia was recently asked what "*faux pas*" was. She replied with native pride that he was the greatest showman on earth.—*Texas Siftings*.

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MARK TWAIN and George W. Cable visited Governor Cleveland, and made a tour of the Capitol. An amusing incident occurred in the course of their travels. They entered the Adjutant-General's office to pay their respects to that officer; but he was out at the moment, and the party, which included others than the gentlemen named, disposed themselves about the office in easy positions to await his arrival. Twain sat down carelessly on one of the Adjutant-General's official tables. The party were chatting cheerfully and conducting themselves peacefully when a dozen clerks and deputies of the department came rushing into the office, and with unusual vehemence asked what was wanted. None of the visiting party seemed to understand the situation. An investigation disclosed the fact that Mark had planted himself squarely on a long row of electric buttons and thus set ringing as many call-bells.—*Philadelphia Times*.

An advocate of cremation says that this mode of disposing of the dead has developed a new capability—that of "having your ashes returned in several packages, and so be buried in several places." This advantage was discovered in England years ago without the aid of cremation, which accounts for the fact of the skull of an old king being on exhibition in several museums at one time.—*Norristown Herald*.

"EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher," remarked a clergyman, as the contribution-box was returned to him empty: "but the members of this flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost. The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ."—*New York Sun*.

THE price paid Tennyson for his new poem, "Freedom," is not stated, but it is not worth it.—*Norristown Herald*.

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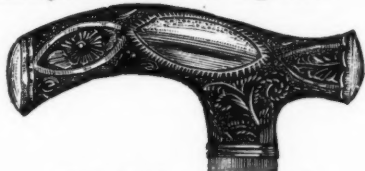
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THE seventeen-year-old girl who annually cuts her father's entire crop of wheat and mows ten acres of grass lives in Dufferin County. This year, besides performing these agricultural labors, she has "set up" with a Shelburne store-clerk three nights a week, read seven continued stories in a weekly family journal, attended four Sunday-school picnics, set the dogs on twenty-nine tramps, and fallen off a cherry-tree. And yet some cranky editors continue to propound the conundrum: "What can women do?"—*Walkertown Herald*.

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"Slowboy, I can't find my dog anywhere. Has he been about your place?"

"Certain. He's in my barn now. You told me to catch him and tie him up."

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THE woods are gaunt, the fields are brown,

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It is useless to try to lock up the stable after the door is stolen.

A new thick guipure for trimming woolen costumes is called "Khar-toum." It ought to be awfully cheap, it has fallen so often.

"A mechanic's lien," said Lawyer Grabber, glancing at the paper, carelessly. "But the contractor's fat," said the client; but the lawyer sternly reminded him that he wasn't in the court-room.

The London *Lancet* says, "Certainly animals below the order of man never commit suicide." Why, of course not; they never do anything sufficiently wicked and disgraceful to drive them to suicide.

Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump clear across a ditch six feet wide. A Chinese soldier is no good unless he can easily clear every possible obstruction that can be placed in his road when he is running away.

Julian Hawthorne says "E pluribus unum" is too frivolous for a national motto; our true motto should be "Noblesse oblige!" Front! Carry a new national motto up to Mr. Hawthorne's room; throw the old one into the alley. Anything else, this morning, Mr. Hawthorne? No? Very well. Any time you want the Mississippi turned to empty into Lake Michigan, just ring, please. There's nothing you want that you can't have.

"His technique in the purest chromatic roulades, his wonderfully clear intonation, even in humorous bizzareries, his broken accords across all the four strings, from the lowest depth up to the giddiest height, his flageolet passages, his enrapturing pizzicato play, while the bow was simultaneously playing wonderful melodies, his rapid octave playing upon the G string, his silvery chime of bells, his fortissimo, which drowned the whole of the orchestra, followed immediately by the sweetest, most charming pianissimo, all that was inconceivable or incomprehensible, and, therefore, also indescribable." Do you know what all that is? That is the way Paganini played the "fiddle."—Robert J. Burdette.

Philosophers say that affairs should always be conducted with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has demonstrated itself to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of sufferers.

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